Yesterday I was looking for words in order to try to get the closest I could to what I do and I wrote *What I can do with the things I have to point out the things I enjoy*. I'm still not sure about 'enjoy', but what I mean with this word, besides of an interest, is more of a playfulness. Interest is great, I have nothing against it, but I often hear this word when there is nothing else to say, as a way of escaping without saying much, and I don't feel it that close to what I want to display. Pointing out things I enjoy, I believe it's a way of being with the things around me. It's just exploring the different possibilities the images have and the place I want to take among them. I understand, and therefore use 'things' as images, objects, ongoing thoughts, ideas, conversations, readings, places, encounters, exchanges, bridges and walks. And I use 'images' as I do 'things', because they can be everything we want them to be. Perhaps it's not precise enough, but what I mean is that even if I'm writing about something specific, these words, 'images' and 'things' often make the specific general. So it can be moved to many different places and not to limit things to just one possibility.

Going back to the idea of playfulness, I remember Abril told me ‘The world is our playground’. Yesterday I was walking outside and I found a chestnut. It was pretty unexpected to me to be able to notice a chestnut in the middle of Brussels so I took it with me. It took me a couple of seconds to realize that there’s been a chestnut for years in the jacket I was wearing. It had been my dad’s coat, and I got it back two years ago. I remember when I tried the coat on I felt a chestnut and a piece of fabric in the pocket and I decided to leave them there. Because at the time I was also amazed by the idea of keeping a chestnut. It’s been in the pocket for years and now I have two. I often think about pockets and what I decide to keep in them. I’m not someone who forgets things in pockets, I rather carry them empty. But when I bump into something like this, the chestnut in this case, it seems essential to me to have it somewhere by my side.

Something similar happened with an image last year. I usually keep my images in folders, yet there was one left out that I kept it open on the desk. I’m not really sure how I reached that decision, but I got there. A few months later Abril shared a photo, almost identical to mine. This reminded me of what Lugh told me ‘Play stupid games, win stupid prices’. I believe it’s fundamental in whatever that we’re doing, to leave some paths open to these occurrences. Over time, they reinforce where that one-off impulse came from. And I’m not talking about coincidences, but once again, focusing on how we decide to be with the things around us. And emphasizing on the weight of these situations and decisions. Because I find it necessary to highlight the significance of such details.

I’ve seen this reel which says ‘The very essence of playfulness is an openness to anything that may happen’ that’s exactly what I felt when I wrote *This reminded me of what Lugh told me ‘Play stupid games, win stupid prices’. I believe it’s fundamental in whatever that we’re doing, to leave some paths open to these occurrences.* I feel these open paths are not a lack of decision making, but deciding that the world can also get into what we are doing.

Bibliographies are great and I understand why they exist, but at this point I don't work with them in that way. I just want to suggest the idea that there are other ways of sharing, and I'm just trying to figure out those multiple possibilities. I don't think I feel close to this referencing system because it somehow creates a classification of the things that exist that I don't enjoy. Through the images we decide to have around and the way we display all the ideas and share mental images we're actually making an index.

It may seem a bit selfish but I believe it's just the desire to leave some paths open. Besides I want to hold onto the idea that there's other ways of referencing things in the world. Through images. I don't want to keep information for myself, I just want to share everything, but sometimes I struggle to know how to do it. I'm trying to figure out where and how I should leave the things that at some point came to me, and put them back into the world again. Abril told me last year 'The best way of doing something is not knowing that you are doing it' when she came by plane to visit me with a bit of cocaine and she didn't know she had it until she was here. Going back to referencing things and people or whatever is in the world I believe everything is a decision. Also, how can I index a rock?

Indexing a rock is also a way of displaying the idea that things exist, and once you put something you made out there in the world, it can be for everyone. And someone could throw away the rock or take a picture of it or paint it or even place it on top of another rock. There are multiple possibilities, as there are multiple possibilities to share things.

I remember something Abril shared *‘The next text is a free and shameless borrowing from all others. Few, if any, of the ideas it contains are original. Like all texts, this one also contains numerous borrowings, quotations, recontextualizations, and plagiarisms. Nothing is original. Steal from anywhere that echoes with inspiration or feeds your imagination. Devour old movies, new movies, music, books, painting, photographs, poems, dreams, random conversations, architecture, bridges, traffic signs, trees, clouds, water bodies, light, and shadow. If you do this, your work (and theft) will be authentic. Authenticity is invaluable; originality is nonexistent. And don’t bother hiding your theft; celebrate it if you wish. In any case, always remember what Jean-Luc Godard said: ‘It’s not where you take things from, but where you take them to”*. I know this may be a bit risky, but what I like about this idea is that there’s nothing wrong with copying because until a certain point it’s something we all do. I think it’s important to evince the theft whenever it’s made consciously, it’s just that I feel a referencing list it’s not the only way to make it clear. Borrowing ideas from elsewhere is also a way of doing things, as long as we don’t pretend that came out of us, even if they are part of us. Nana did an exhibition last year called ‘We don’t copy, we match’.

When I index a rock I can just put ‘rock’ and that’s it. So I also enjoy leaving ideas, mental images, images and things as they are, and as they come to me. Or feeling free about how I want to leave them back in the world. It’s a sort of game, and I just want to play.

After weeks of writing this Abril sent me ‘Amaiur me explicaba su frustración ante tener que construir un índex, que establece un orden proponiendo una forma concreta de abordar la lectura y yo le contestaba con la etimología de definir, que en resumidas cuentas, es dar fin a algo, y cómo desde un fin cerrado uno no puede respirar ni escribir ni pensar ni nada, y todo así, ambas estábamos a mese de presentar un proceso de la mano de un índex, marcos y códigos de hacer en arte de los que querríamos estar más o menos cerca. En el libro Burn the Diaries Moyra Davey cita a Jean Genet que dice “Quedé anonadado cuando me di cuenta de que mi vida… no era nada más que una hoja de papel que había conseguido doblar y redoblar hasta convertirla en algo distinto”. Es, precisamente, Amaiur, quién me enseñó que, las imágenes que pueden salir de un lugar que no nos gusta solo pueden ocurrir allí, en un estrujar la cabeza para lograr llegar a un lugar bonito enmarcadas en un lugar que no lo es tanto. Con mi índex construyo un barco de papel y en él caben las piedras, semillas y castañas de Amaiur.’

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35
nondiknoranorarte 57 min
Enviar mensaje...

Abril sent me few days ago *Amaiur: Quiero estar con las cosas pero no quiero cambiar nada de las cosas con las que estoy. Me gustan mis objetos tal y como están, como me los encuentro. Pero es allí donde me pregunto, entonces, que es lo que hago yo. Pero no quiero hacer nada más que eso, estar con las cosas...*

Which is something I told her months ago. I love that she writes about most of the images she enjoys, because I wanted to write about this feeling I've been having, and now thanks to her I have exactly what I said the first time I tried to express what I was living. It's easier to write more about it now. What I said back then, and I still believe is, *I want to be with the things, but I don't want to change anything about the things I'm with. I like my objects just as they are, as I find them. And that's when I ask myself, then what is it that I'm doing? Which is my place? But I don't want to do anything else than that, just be with the things...* Maybe I just want to move them from place to place and figure out what possibilities they have to exist.

I think one of the things I like the most are possibilities. I want to point out the importance of every single thing around us. Trying to not downplay anything. Sometimes the creation of such objects is directed towards a specific purpose that doesn't appeal to me, however that doesn't mean there isn't a way of existing in itself that I'm actually curious about. I believe it's just wanting to be with ways of being. And wondering what other ways exist. Months ago I read 'One time I was out with a guy and he needed new jeans so he opened up maps and just typed in 'pants'' and I think it has something to do with what I am trying to unfold when I bring here the idea of pointing things out in order to make them exist otherwise.

A couple of months ago I wrote *ANY SURFACE IS THE POSSIBILITY OF EVERYTHING.* It was in an auditorium so the seats were placed facing the big white rectangle that is often designated as the screen. We were watching a rather dark video with brief flashes of light, so that every glimmer of light that emerged from the recording made the presence of all the objects in that class clear. The image was no longer just what was seen within the projector's reach, but everything else also became part of it by sharing time and space with the image projected. At one point I was thinking about why I had limited the image, or the screen, only to one possibility, a lot of things around were also existing otherwise, not just the white square. The seats were also a kind of screen, as were the small tables, the papers on those surfaces, and so on. Everything there, was the possibility of a new image.

I care just as much about the image projected, as about the white board standing in the corner of the class, or the grey wall with holes in it. As well as, this, what I'm doing now, bringing all these on-going images together.

I enjoyed when this happened in the auditorium because it made me realise that’s a big part of what I do, find out where an image can reach, where the limits are. I’m not talking about the limits of an image, but more trying to figure out why we, humans, decide to define an image-idea, where do we place the limitations, and what can be done with these decisions and boundaries. I don’t really know what these limits mean, but I’m not bothered about guessing that, rather I wonder what can be done there. I believe I often decide to be in these edges because they are a gap between what it is and what it can be. Something similar to what’s in between the desire and the world, which is often what images are. And these gaps let me just be with things.

A couple of days ago it started snowing and everything turned white. I went out to walk around and see what everything looks like when there's something covering up the things we are used to perceiving every day. Then I realized this comes close to the fact that the folders and other surfaces I choose are white. As well as papers. I enjoy those areas because I feel everything becomes noticeable and I employ these objects as a way of highlighting everything around.

About a year ago I wrote *Now about the zoom. I'm not comfortable using it. A week ago I was at the uni in a kind of little talk, with a bunch of people. The room was full and I was sitting on the floor with a paper sheet. The sheet was also on the ground so it became like a sort of image-generator-frame. Suddenly dust started to settle on the white rectangle and stood out. So I began to collect dirt on the sheet and conceiving the paper as a camera. These type of things make me conscious about being. Just as fruit stones do. Months ago I wrote 'I hold onto the idea of pointing something to make it exist' and the sheet has now reminded me of zoom. I enjoy the distance a phone or a mini digital camera offers me, without making use of the zoom. This idea may seem rambling, even it could be perceived unaware from me not to consider the medium in its entirety. But I guess it's just another possibility and I'm fine with it. To experience the distance of the rectangle by being with it. Just like dust did in that room.*

Bringing all these images here I remember about something I read last year from Ryan Gander's *Loose associations and other lectures. There's a university in Buffalo, in New York State. The campus there was relocated twenty years ago, so the architect could completely redesign it. He built the entire site but didn't put any paths in... he just left it as gravel. There's very heavy snowfall in New York State in winter, and as the campus began to be used students began to navigate around the campus, leaving paths in the snow, so if there were a lot of people walking on the path, it would end up very wide, and the ones that weren't used so much were narrower. The architect then sent a helicopter up to make an aerial photograph of the campus, then plotted all these desire lines on a map and built the paths in the same positions with the same widths as the desire lines. It's an example of perfect planning of public space.*

I want to write about dirt. Lately I feel I’m having a few conflicts with what’s considered dirty. I’m not trying to excuse myself about being messy or whatever, but figuring out where’s the point of something being stained. Because I believe we often use this concept unconsciously regarding what’s happening. It’s just something concerning what Maria once told me ‘La valla del entendimiento’ which it would be ‘The fence of understanding’. From what I understood it’s a sort of boundary which keeps people apart. Due to the different perspectives and opinions that exist around a concept, situation, image, or whatever. I’m not sure if I completely agree with this term, but I’ll go on.

Perhaps nothing I clarify down bellow makes sense, but for me it does. This weekend I’ve been covering some parts of the treehouse with white paint, the ones which had previously been painted with green. My idea was to paint it without using the masking tape to keep the edges straight. Because I feel it doesn’t matter if the line between white and wood is linear. And it’s not less clean or careful for that. It has nothing to do with being messy, but with being aware of the multiple possibilities each decision can open up to. A line isn’t less of a line just because it isn’t straight. What seems messy to me is when there’s a lack of responsibility when carrying out a task.

Personally, I don’t give a damn about following the supposed painting area and the masking tape, because the paint could be covering whatever space we want. But my dad didn’t agree with me, and he kept telling me I was such a bungler. I’m bothered because ‘La valla del entendimiento’ didn’t let us understand each other and reach an agreement. So I had to use the tape, but actually it was of no use because I differed on that decision, and now there’s white where there wasn’t supposed to be white. And he thinks I’m messy and dirty, and I believe I like to put things in places where they maybe aren’t supposed to be. Not just that, but I want to find out what happens. Which I notice is being in the boundaries of what things are supposed to be that I mentioned before.

The same happens with ‘dirt’. Lately I don’t consider my clothes dirty if I have been sitting on the ground and some dust has settled on them. Because I’ve noticed some stains on it, and I decided I like it there. I mean, it’s like making how I decided to be in the world evident. It has nothing to do with being dirty. But with being with what there’s around us.

Today I wrote *I believe more in experience than in theory*. And then Jone shared *Remembering isn't weaker than experiencing*. I like when writing becomes a walk of thoughts, and also thinking about walking as writings. I also read something that reached to me weeks ago which I constantly go back to. *To the students I spoke to last week: After we spoke and I got a little bit more loose in my words after a long day, I felt that this was only just a beginning. Some more honest words are needed. I'm an optimist and I try to see the potential in everything I look at. Literally all the work I looked at had strengths and I congratulate you on that. However what I felt, and was reassured about by a friend who I spoke to afterwards, was that our work just shouldn't be boring. And it shouldn't feel without emotion. Please don't hide behind the cool. I remember we spoke about that in our meeting, how easy it is to employ the language of contemporary art cool. I just want to reiterate that: No one needs this right now. It is the great opportunity of the moment that so much is not needed anymore.*

Yesterday we went somewhere I had never been, called Rue Americaine 13. There's a wall dividing the 'exhibition area' from the 'studio, storage area' and next to the studio there's a little toilet with a small window which opens to a new space that from what I saw is usually not being used by humans. The artist exhibiting at the moment decided to open the window and call it *Il mondo dei ragni (The world of spiders)*. Because there were a lot of spiders on the other side of the window. He also decided to open the wall dividing the two areas, and put some things in the 'storage area'. I like the gesture of opening a window to somewhere that is not usually being used by humans, pointing to a place that, nevertheless, exists.

Bringing this image I remember when Lugh showed me a video of his dad showing him how he's doing with the old house and the remodelling of it. It felt to me like a sort of house tour. There's a point in which he's explaining the improvement he's been doing to the door, when suddenly a person appears running down the street. I enjoyed it a lot. Then I understood I wasn't actually watching the video, but rather what his dad was wanting to share. So when something happened in between his desire and the world, I was able to be with the rest of the images. Yet I needed that slot through which the street was being seen. It made me realise the world.

I saw a video of someone showing a candle and saying if he puts that candle in a white gallery space it becomes an art piece, or that it is perceived in that way. However if he puts the same candle in a garage it looks like a piece of trash. So that he prefers to focus on being with the space around and designing the place than the thing, in this case the candle, on itself. It's not that the candle is irrelevant in all this, after all it is what it is, a candle, the candle in the garage is not less of a thing than the candle in the museum, however the way we relate to it changes.

I bring this up so I can write about objects and places. Some time ago I saw a reel which said 'You can literally put objects anywhere' and I believe it has something to do with the candle thing. Deciding what we want to be with. When it comes to putting things in places, I focus a lot on the way I put the different objects I have together. I enjoy papers, paper tubes, wooden sticks, folders, dust, tapes, among other materials. It seems to me the focus on putting these things together goes hand in hand with the fact that I often I don't want to manipulate these materials. I make use of the tape, even screws sometimes, but I enjoy more finding a way in which two things that I enjoy can exist together. I conceive that everything I employ has the same importance, which is in a way deciding what I want to be with. So the floor, the walls, windows, light or whatever else is in the place has the same relevance as the objects I want to put there. Spending time trying to figure out how the things I have around me can be together, is a way of exploring the possibilities of these objects.

Not assuming what things were made for, but rather just using them.

Yesterday I went to the seaside with Reau and she told me sometimes she sleeps with her paintings because she loves them. And that’s where I want to be. Where we can be with the things. I told Abril about this painting situation, and she replied that it reminded her of when in a job interview I was asked ‘What do you do in your practice?’ and I said ‘Estoy con las imágenes’ which means ‘I’m being with the images’.

I feel we often ask questions or speak from the comfort of knowing something that may seem similar to what is in front of us. Although it is actually not even close. Just by assigning concepts to things, due to the need to feel in control of what is being discussed. I believe somehow it would be more enjoyable if we shared thoughts from actually being with those things we have around. Even if we have no idea how to get close to them. That's the way of being with them, although it sounds paradoxical. Not necessarily assuming what those concepts entail. I want things to be images and images to be things. Sometimes it seems to me concepts are an easy way of avoiding what is actually happening and acting like we are living it, or understanding it. There has to be a way of being without understanding. Fuck understanding things, it is overrated.

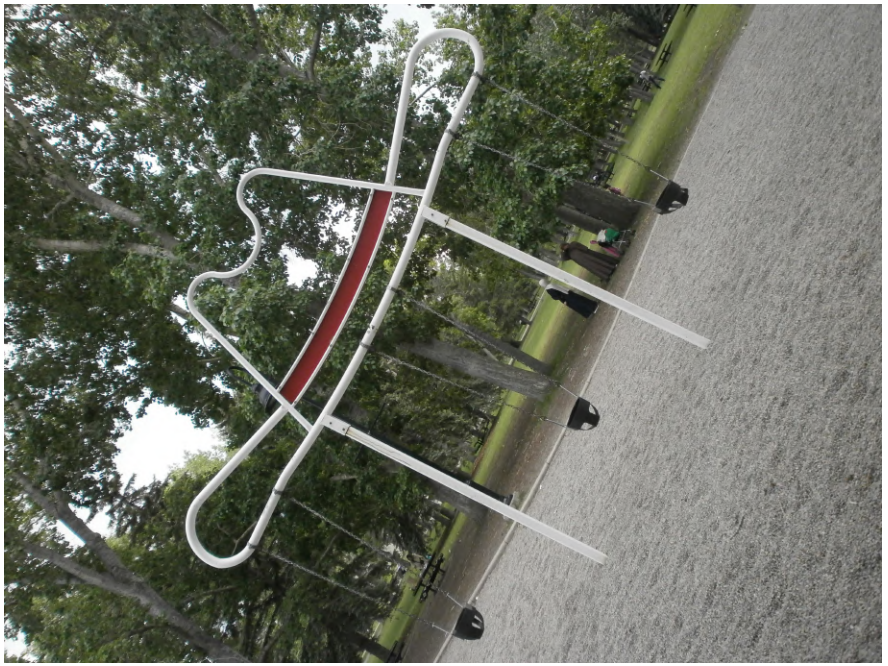
Sometimes being is just not knowing. I'm not sure what the difference is between understanding and knowing. I'm really glad this reel came to me, because it's just what I was trying to display ‘‘*The concept' obscures 'the reality"*. I was making an effort to say sometimes the concept isn't enough for what reality requires. Thanks reel and the person who said it.

A couple of years ago Lia showed me what once Brian Eno wrote in his diary about a dream he had. *My first Photoshop dream. I dreamed I was erasing my past in Photoshop, but it turned out that I was using the 'clone tool' — so instead of erasing I was just copying chunks of the past into the future*. I've been wanting to write about instagram's decision regarding the space left when uploading an image to a story that is not the same size as the screen. So the platform expands the image to the screen size relying on the colors of the picture. I enjoy these gaps because they change something that I was, to a certain extent, controlling while making it.

The fact I enjoy finding ways for the things I'm with to exist together is linked to the idea that I prefer not to fix the objects just to a single way of being. Just like what I do with keeping images in folders or slideshows. I can easily move them to another place, take them out of the folder and place another one. I also don't enjoy fixing objects because I really don't know where an image ends and where another one starts, and this relates to what I mentioned about thinking about what can be done in the limits of an image-space and the openness that playing around offers. One of the characteristics of the things I'm with is that they are simple. But simple in a sense of commitment, honesty and accuracy when it comes to displaying a desire, like not pretending to do something else than what is actually being done. Trying not to make anything outstanding, or even new. However simplicity often offers a gap, where the world and the things that happen around can become visible in what we are doing, without us planning it.

A few years ago when we finished our bachelor’s, we were thinking about what to do with the things we had been using those months. There was a big wooden board no one could take to their place because of its large size, so I decided to take it with me. I live in the mountains so there’s enough space to be with it. It’s a fiber board so I decided to varnish it a few times, in order to use it outside as a table or as whatever I wanted. I love that wooden board because it has a graffiti on it, which is not something unusual in an art university, but it really stands out in the mountains. Not fixing things and moving them from place to place we create new images. Bringing something from a place where people are constantly manipulating things and often there is no place for things to be what they are, to somewhere where there’s less human decisions going on, it’s a way of pointing out something so as it becomes more visible. It’s also, once again, spending time with things and deciding what we want to be with, which is crucial in whatever we do, because somehow it evidences how we manage to exist with the world. These are the images that I enjoy. The ones that are open to the world and to whatever may happen.

I rather make a small cut in the book page where something I enjoy is located, than underline it. The thing, the book, is manipulated in both ways, but somehow I prefer to do something with what already exists rather than add something else to that. It’s not always like this, I love covering things. I’ve covered a couple of books with paper sheets because I didn’t like the picture on the front page.



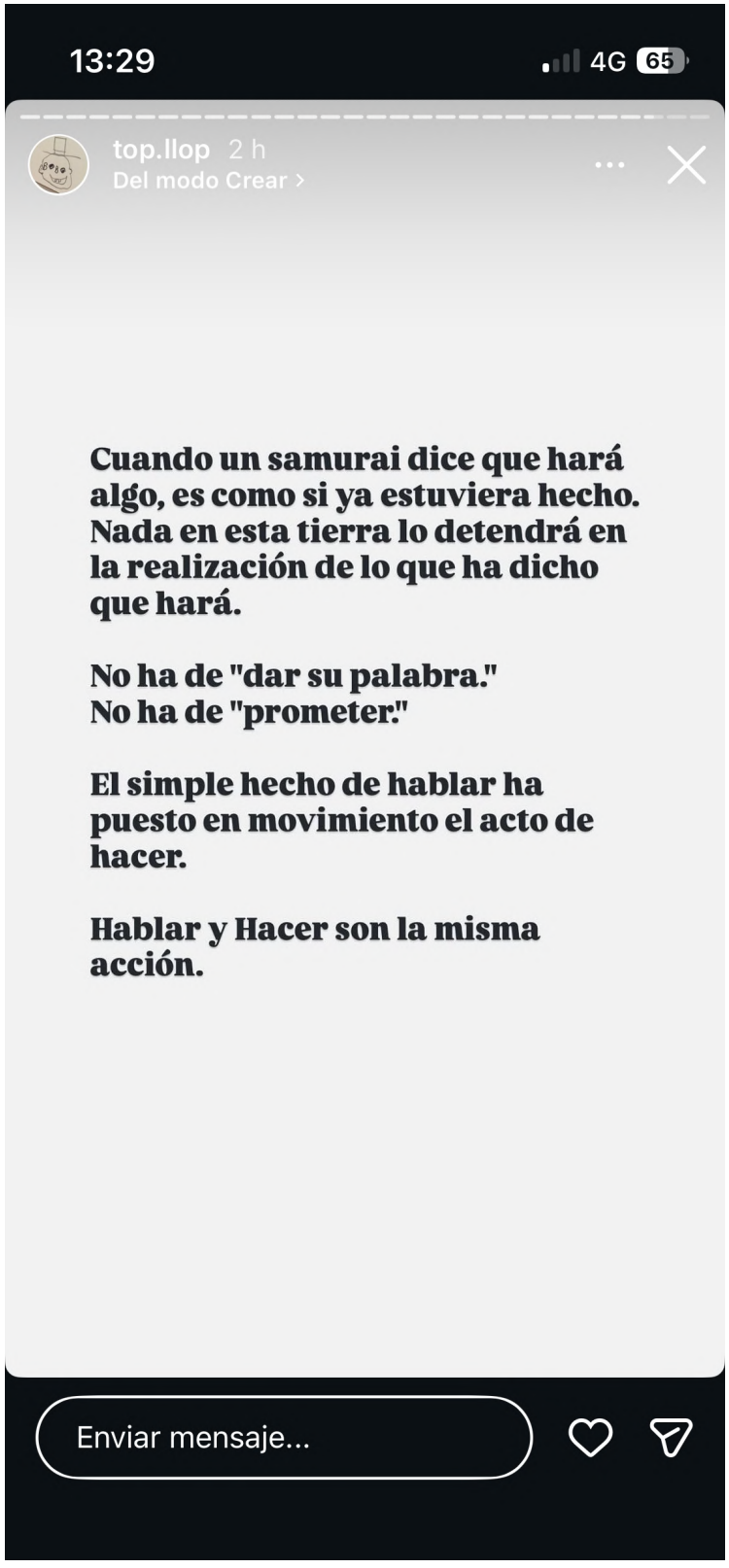
I saw *Nobody designed this and that's the point*. To point out something that was on the street. And maybe it's not that no one designed it, but what the intention was. I love when it's visible that something has been done, and not designed and then done. So the focus is not on how the thing will look, but on how it can be done. I would say most of the things I see and enjoy constantly are exchanges between the world and someone or something else. I heard in a video 'Mostrar cómo se hacen las cosas' which means 'To show how things are made'. Many paths are open then.

After a few weeks I saw *Every object was perfectly placed but nothing was by design. It was a work of art. And it was just real life.* And it reminded me of the sentence at the top of the paragraph. This idea comes from someone who is constantly making replicas of things in order to rehearse everything in life. In this case a house where a kid is living. But when he goes to a real 'kid living house' he is surprised by the amount of detail there is. I often feel that what I want to do, or what I do, is just to be with these details. I don't want to change things because then the reason I was able to enjoy it ceases to be. I believe often it's okay with just paying attention to things. Abril told me *Listen with your eyes and sing everything you see.*

Abril wrote *La cosa es qué, como he intentado explicar anteriores veces, jamás he partido de saber que estaba haciendo, mi trabajo final de carrera se llama Si no encuentras, busca más, después de que años atrás, hablando con mi otro amigo David G Torres, éste dijera, Abril Witty, he descubierto tu modus operandi: Cuando no encuentras una solución, buscas más problemas. Supongo que es algo parecido a abordar desde los márgenes, que es igual de parecido que hacer desde lo insoportable. Al no saber lo que buscas, todo puede ser un hallazgo, y seguí, y sigo, con lo mío, que no es nada más que con lo que insistimos a diario todos. Mirar, leer, hablar, transitar varias enredadas mentales, salir de ellas, mirar más, leer más, y así una espiral infinita, y seguir encontrando cosas y buscando más. Seguir intentando entender. Hasta lograrlo y volver a perderse y a preguntarse para poder volver a empezar.*

The thing is, as I've tried to explain it previously, I've never started from knowing what I was doing. My final degree project is called 'If you don't find something, search more'. After talking with my other friend David G Torres years back, he told me, Abril Witty, I've found your modus operandi: When you don't find a solution, you look for more problems. I guess it is something similar to tackle the subject from the edges, which is something close to doing from the unbearable. When you don't know what you are seeking for, everything can become something, and I continued, and I continue, with my own thing. Which is nothing more than what we all insist on every day. Looking, reading, talking, navigating various mental tangles, getting out of them, looking more, reading more, and so on in an infinite spiral, and continuing to find things and searching for more. To keep trying to understand. Until achieving it, and then getting lost again and asking questions so that one can start over.

And this reminded me of Tillmans and all the thoughts I've been trying to bring here. About not wanting to manipulate things, just enjoying being there and pointing things out. I think it goes hand in hand with *I'm an optimist and I try to see the potential in everything I look at.* The things that attract me the most usually catch my attention because of how they exist. From seeing to making, what if seeing is already making?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Del modo Crear ›
Cuando un samurai dice que hará algo, es como si ya estuviera hecho. Nada en esta tierra lo detendrá en la realización de lo que ha dicho que hará.
No ha de "dar su palabra."
No ha de "prometer."
El simple hecho de hablar ha puesto en movimiento el acto de hacer.
Hablar y Hacer son la misma acción.
Enviar mensaje...

Yesterday I took a cardboard box from the bin because I needed to start sending things back home. Walking home I began to like the cardboard and the things printed on it. I'm not sure why, but I started thinking about covering it with a white fabric I have and putting little fruit seeds inside and some light. The desire to bring together different things we have. When I arrived home I changed my room, now the bed is next to the window and I have more space. Today I tried to build the thing that was going on in my mind with the box. I really enjoy the image, and then I remember that sometimes we just have to listen to our intuition or to that one sudden impulse. It's somehow something that sparks our curiosity and to which we pay attention. Which I think is just being with the things. I feel a movement is a movement no matter what. So wanting to build a mini 'whatever this is' in my room because I liked some printed things on a cardboard is enough to start making something, and figuring out where that leads me. And I believe this reflects what Abril sent me, the text on the previous page. *Si no encuentras una solución, busca más problemas.* And everything else.

With this I remember something I wrote last year. *I was changing my clothes today, because I was about to go to the mountain, when I found my mother's blouse. I already knew about it, yet I did't remember it. I felt like I had to wear it. It's not something I would wear to go on a hike, therefore I decided to go for a walk. Chilling. I actually enjoyed the afternoon. I believe plans should be guided by this type of instant desires, instead of presumptions we unconsciously project about what we want those plans to make us feel. I wasn't expecting anything from that walk, however now I have some more images I want to be with. This just reminded me of something my friend Unai sent me some days ago 'Pos anda que no había opciones chaval'.*

I know going to the woods in flip flops yesterday wasn't very thoughtful, that's because I wasn't actually thinking about going to the forest. But suddenly I was there. Just like my mother's blouse. Maybe it is not the most comfortable situation, but we made it. Lorea told us back then, we had made cookies without them really being cookies, as well as, we had done the final degree project without it really being a final degree project. Or something similar, I can't remember it precisely due to the amount of memories and mental images I have from those months. I think when I was writing 'I love the world and the people for the countless ways of doing things', I'm trying to be somewhere close to what she said. We are being with images in the only, yet multiple, ways we know how to be. Hacemos lo que podemos, y con ello lo que queremos. Or maybe, hacemos lo que queremos y con ello todo lo que podemos. I like this one better.

I believe sometimes the best way of doing things is going into the woods with your flip flops.

Yesterday I was playing around with some objects I have and I took a picture of them on top of my mattress base. I wrote *The difference between paper sheet, oil painted wood, printed wood, wood and fake wood*. Those were the things I was with. What was the difference? No idea. Months ago I heard in a video ‘The difference between looking at the ocean and looking at a blue cardboard’. I didn’t paint with oil for years, but Lugh had broken his leg and then we decided we could paint on top of some wood we had. Since we were in front of mountains we started making a picture of the mountains in the little surface we had with oil paint. I got distracted and then overwhelmed after ten minutes, due to the amount of things going on all the time. So I took another, smaller, piece of wood and I added a couple of clumps of white paint to it and started spreading them over the surface with a small brush. The wood had little broken parts and I decided to play with the white and the things the wood already had, such as scratches and stains. And how a brush can carry paint all over a surface and to what extent I could continue to do so before putting it back on the paint. It was also sunny, and we were sitting outside so the light and the shadows altered the surface depending on the viewing angle. A lot of things were happening there too, so then what is the difference between a mountain and a white oil painted piece of wood?

A few weeks ago I decided to place a white paper on top of my phone. There was a video playing on the phone, which could even be seen through the sheet. And then I thought that it is actually possible to have a video on paper. Like printing a video. Once I saw in a video someone say ‘As what is possible replaces what is not’. I enjoyed the idea of printing a video. I feel it is important to insist, like dust. I enjoy leaving things somewhere for a while and then dust comes and the world happens.

Abril just sent me something her friend Connie showed her *ART IS ABOUT EXPANDING DEFINITIONS*. Which is something from Hans Ulrich. And I see the photos I took of a video which say *Maybe every new idea is funny until it’s proven. Maybe a clown can change the world after all.*

Iñigo shared *imaginamos comunidades transitorias experiencias microsociales una galería en sangüesa carreras de coches y caballos menos pinos en navarra noches frescas palestina libre ángeles tesis doctorales más dinero ¿para quien? ¿para que? para seguir imaginando imágenes utopías otras formas de hacer en arte de estar en un lugar para quien quiera imaginar.*

We imagine transitory communities, microsocial experiences, a gallery in Sangüesa, car and horse races, less pine trees in Navarra, cool nights, free Palestine, angels, doctoral theseis, more money, for whom? For what? To continue imagining images, utopias, other ways of doing in art, of being on a place, for whoever wants to imagine.

Maybe we continue imagining in order to open a window and index a rock. Or because we want to hold onto the idea that a mattress base can perfectly be holding some pictures. ‘I mean that’s just one little part of the world, but things take place there, too, just like everywhere else’.

Months ago I wrote something that I felt close to the previous sentence. ‘And all these people doing things. And I just got on a not at all smooth bus ride with a crazy as fuck driver, so I couldn’t read. But that was fine because I had arranged to meet Gadea at seven but she’s late and I can read when I get off the bus. And then I saw the borders of the cut grass, the grass at the highway’s corners. Which I loved, because feeling the human reach-zone or something nearby I don’t really know. And I know it’s not that a person can’t get higher than that boundary, but that the grass doesn’t distract out of that height. Which is actually the human reach-zone in a way. But the image was beautiful. The grass being so smooth and so grass from that cut line onwards, and cars on the highway like passing from a highway, but there are plenty of things. I can’t say exactly why I had enjoyed that moment, but I believe I may have written something regarding an image that delights me, so thanks driver for not letting me read. I was able to do this now, because you were so brusque’. Now that I have the mental image of that place, I believe I enjoyed the grass cut in the highway because nobody designed it and that was the point. I mean, it is a kind of design, but again the focus is not on how it will look, but on how it can work. I was able to see until what point we, humans, care about the world doing its own thing.

Yesterday on my way home I wrote I like walking with people because I see things I would never observe alone. And I love walking alone because I see things I wouldn't see with someone else, since I would be looking at other things. But then I see something that reminds me of someone and it is as if we were walking together. And for me doing this, putting together mental images, and walking is the same. That's the reason why I don't think a bibliography is necessary, I believe playing is the best way of doing things, I want to index a rock, I feel any surface is the possibility of everything, and I trust that sometimes the best way of doing things is not knowing you are doing them. People just need to live. Months ago I heard in a video *People always still want to see the thing and don't understand it's about the doing.*

Last week in the car with Abril and Lugh we took dandelions to blow, once we did it I took the rest of the plant I had in my hand and put it in the little hole of the latch next to the car door window. It is broken so there is actually no latch, just a hole. Abril took a photo of that and wrote *There is a big difference with wanting things to make sense for others and wanting things to make sense to you.*

Doing things through images is usually being with the things. The objects I decide to have around often have the particularity of allowing the things around them to become noticeable just by being. It’s placing something I can manipulate next to something I can’t really control, like the world, so the sun, the wind, the light, temperature, trees, sounds, shadows, things people do and plenty of other things. So even if these are things that are beyond my control, the objects I decide to be with help me to find a way of pointing the world out. And getting a way where I can be with the things that exist without me, just by placing something I wanted to have close. So I make it mine when I relate to it and how I decide to do it, and that’s what it’s all about. About where the attention goes and being with that.

Whenever I see something I enjoy in the world I take a picture of it or I say it to someone else or I find a way of sharing it. What I mean with this is that I’m just figuring out what different ways there are to share with other people where my attention goes. So I don’t need to say it, and maybe I just want to place a paper so that it moves whenever something around it moves. Or putting a tube, which is the same color as the wood in the floor, in front of a window so there will be a second tube on the ground made by the shadow.